Bloody Anniversary

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Bloody Anniversary

by Murder_Cupcake

Summary

It's Hannibal and Will's anniversary, and Will wants to surprise his beloved.

Notes

Thread fic of Day 11 of Hannictober, "Scythe". I never lose opportunities to make things bloody XD

Hannibal had always thought Will was unpredictable, in many ways. Sometimes, he didn't know what he was capable of, or which things were in his mind, waiting to be put into action. That night was one of those times.

They had just tied the man up, who was blindfolded for now. Will had told Hannibal that he wanted to kill alone this time and that he had a surprise for him. It was their anniversary, and Hannibal loved to watch Will working, even if this meant he wouldn't have his own fun. Besides, Hannibal was going to get a surprise, and Will's surprises were always worth the wait. Therefore, Hannibal stayed still, at some distance of their trembling victim.

Then, Hannibal felt a hand on his shoulder, and someone approaching his ear.

"I'm sorry to have kept you waiting", Will said, and Hannibal could sense the eagerness in his voice.

Will walked towards the man, and Hannibal could finally see what he was holding. It was a gardening scythe, its sharp tip shining with the small bit of light that illuminated the place. Hannibal was excited, heart racing as Will took the blindfold off the man; Will knew Hannibal liked to see the fear on their victim's eyes. The victim struggled a little, trying to move, resulting in some "shh" coming from Will, which made Hannibal feel extremely aroused.

Will began with small cuts on the man's body, vertically and horizontally, in random parts of the body, blood slowly soaking the man's shirt, making him whimper under the blade's violent touches. Hannibal observed Will's ability in holding the scythe's handle, always reaching the spots he wanted with skill and a certain speed. Hannibal was delighted, and Will turned around, smirking to him.

"Come here", he said, "please?"

Will knew how to get things from Hannibal, whose curiosity increased every second.

"Get behind him", Will said, now in a more demanding tone. Hannibal did what he's been told, staying behind the man and smelling the strong scent of fear and despair in the air.

Will, on the other hand, stayed in front of the man, the scythe's blade all bloody, dripping on the floor. Then, he suddenly ripped the man's belly with the scythe, going deeper and deeper until his hand was almost inside the wound, holding the handle. While he twisted the handle, making their victim let out a coughed cry, Will got closer to Hannibal, pressing his body against the man in a way he could reach Hannibal's ear.

"Happy anniversary", he said before abruptly taking off the scythe from the man's body, blood and guts falling on the floor.

Hannibal let the body, now a fragile corpse, fall as well, and took Will's face between his hands.

"Happy anniversary, beloved."

They kissed.

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